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THE NASSAU LITERARY MAGAZINE is published on the 15th day of each month from October to June inclusive, by the Senior Class of *Princeton University*. Its aim is to provide the proper outlet for the literary efforts of the undergraduates, and thus to encourage the full, symmetrical development of the student body in Belles-Lettres.

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An Unfortunate Affair of Major
Lanning

FOR at least an hour Mrs. Watson had been turning and twisting the pages of a certain magazine. She had as yet read scarcely half a dozen lines, and but for the testy ticking of a small clock or the occasional rustle of her husband's newspaper would have been aware, perhaps, of not even so much as her own existence. Obviously, her thoughts were not upon the magazine, tho, on the other hand, she lingered over certain of its pages and toyed with it in a manner that expressed rather a peculiar fondness than a mere nervous activity.

"John," she said at last, turning to her husband, "do you find that paper really so absorbingly interesting?"

"Oh, no, there is nothing new in particular." And after this brief reply he evinced no further interest in her question but turned his attention to an article that had escaped his previous notice.

Mrs. Watson felt deeply the sting of this indifference, and again took up the magazine, much to the satisfaction of Mr. Watson, as it seemed, for he settled himself more comfortably in his big leather arm chair, and busied himself with another of the several papers at his side.

This little incident of conjugal amiability took place in the library. It was a large room, richly and even luxur-

iously furnished. Upon three sides extended a row of low book shelves, and in one corner stood a grand piano. The pictures—several of them admirable photographic copies of old masters—and the decorations in general, bore a high tribute to the cultured taste of whoever had made the selection, and this was no less a person than Mrs. Watson. An additional charm was effected by the light of a lamp with a red-ribbed shade, for there was no flaring illumination, but merely a soft, mellow glow that made the room seem cosy and fancifully suggestive.

Mrs. Watson was a woman of rare presence and beauty. Her features were firm, regular, and clear cut, but so delicately molded that they seemed those of a woman many years younger than forty-five. And yet in no sense was Mrs. Watson girlish; hers was a mature beauty; her thin, tapering fingers, the determined line of her mouth, and her dark, deep, questioning eyes which by turns were luminous and passive,—these were the marks that stamped her as a woman of the world, a woman who had felt the throb of humanity, and had experienced a responsive vibration in her soul. The impression which she created upon society was twofold. There were those to whom she was an inexplicable enigma, to whom she seemed proud and over-bearing, and a kind of discord in the social harmony. And there were those, again, for whom she passed as a fascinating psychological problem; they followed her with a curious gaze, and indulged in hypotheses that varied in accordance with their own measure of intellectual insight.

To the former class belonged Mr. Watson. He was above all a practical man, and what his wife termed idealism he had long since set down as a bit of foolish femininity. Once, indeed, a difference had resulted almost in an open breach, but Mrs. Watson so shrank with instinctive horror from anything resembling a scene, that she now carefully avoided such a recurrence, and in consequence,

became passive and pliable in a manner that grew monotonous upon her husband to the point of exasperation.

So minutes succeeded each other, and the stillness of the room remained unbroken, until, with a sigh scarcely audible, Mrs. Watson arose and went to her husband.

Tall and slender, she was handsomely gowned in a blue dress which trailed in easy harmonious lines, and set off exquisitely the quiet, natural grace with which she moved.

"Come, now do let me talk to you;" and taking the paper from her husband's hands she placed her arms about his neck. "John, I saw a letter from an East-side Settlement house in your mail a few days ago. May I ask who sent it?"

"Oh, some fool of a philanthropist who wants me to send him money for something or other."

"What was his name, do you remember?"

"Yes, Lanning, I believe."

"James Lanning, was it not? It must have been the man who wrote an article in this month's —— on certain slum problems. It's a splendid article, by the way, you ought to read it." And after a pause: "Do you know,—I've taken an unusual interest in the man."

"Well, I can't say that I'm surprised at that."

"Did you give him something?"

"No; why, my dear"—

"Oh, yes, I know," interrupted Mrs. Watson with impatience, "but he is so deeply in earnest. He is sacrificing his whole life for a work which very few people really appreciate. It must be so discouraging to him. But you know the world grows better through such men, and we ought to help,—it's a part of the duty we owe to society."

"Duty, eh! Yes, you are true to your sex. When you women discover a poor miserable wretch, unable to get along with himself or anybody else, for that matter, he needs only to whine about a certain 'higher life,' about

being understood, and he has you heart and soul in whatever outlandish project he may have on hand."

"Outlandish projects!"

"Exactly. Mr. Lanning was clever enough to get an interview with me in my office not long ago, and I sized him up then and there as a dreamer run mad."

"I suppose," interjected Mrs. Watson, with somewhat of a sneer, "you mean as distinguished from a man in whom the commercial instinct exudes at every pore, who scents a dollar two months off with—"

"Now, now, my dear, do n't anger yourself, and do n't mock the man who by the sweat of his brow provides bread for himself and luxuries for his family. Unfortunately, we are living in a world where every man must look to himself and take care that the other fellow does n't beat him out. It's not play, dear; it's hard, relentless competition. You women can fool away the time with music and poetry, but we men have got to keep our faculties sharp to the point; there's no time for air-castles, and day dreaming; we must keep our eyes right on the ticker. Why, what would you have now, had I not attended strictly to my business?"

Mrs. Watson smiled kindly upon her husband, but allowed several minutes to pass before she replied, and then in low, winning tones: "No, John, I won't believe you. I don't take your words for what they mean. I know that you are a successful and prominent business man, but you do not mean to tell me that money was always the end and not the means. There must have been moments when the spiritual side of your nature asserted itself in longings for things that made the rest seem paltry and transitory,—for those things which a divine art struggles to express for us. I am right, am I not, John?" she concluded with a kiss.

"Oh, come, Mary," was the quick reply, "don't let's get mawkish; you know I can't stomach this sickly sentimentality."

Mrs. Watson's arms dropped from the man's neck ; she stood as one struck dumb. Gradually and stealthily a wan smile crept over her features, and they settled into those lines which time had made fixed and hard. She gazed at her husband long and steadily ; she almost pitied him. He, for his part, felt an awkward self-consciousness and embarrassing humiliation creep over himself, and in his extremity to relieve the strain of the situation remarked that the lamp was getting low, and dispelled the warm, sympathetic radiance with a flood of gaslight. Then he left the room, and in a few minutes was on the way to his club.

A sense of relief came over the unfortunate woman, and she breathed as in a freer atmosphere. As her eyes wandered towards the open piano she felt its mute appeal, and by way of answer roused the instrument into a series of wild, tremulous tones, but to no avail. A profound reverie settled upon her, and the fingers which sought the keys more and more aimlessly, soon left them altogether. Her mind was busy in another direction. She seemed to hesitate, but for a moment or two only, and then turned hastily to her desk. With a nervous hand she unlocked one of the secret compartments, and took out a bundle of old letters, and a small photograph yellow with age. She gazed intently for some moments upon the picture, and then placing it in the bosom of her dress, and taking up the letters, she lowered the light, and retired to her room.

Several evenings later a closed hansom picked its way with difficulty through the dirty, crowded streets of the East Side district, and drew up in front of a plain, red brick building that contrasted strangely with the tall neighboring tenement houses. An inquisitive throng of women and children quickly gathered around the carriage, and to the cabman's inquiry as to where Mr. Lanning lived, a shout of voices answered that this was the place. The

lady then alighted. She was veiled and handsomely gowned, and as she hastened to the door steps, the dirty assemblage would have pressed closer but for an instinctive awe which held it momentarily in check.

A young boy, not more than twelve, answered her knock, but the utter surprise and hopeless embarrassment with which he was overtaken forced the lady into the painful necessity of a lengthy colloquy upon the steps, in full view and hearing of the curious crowd, before the door was finally opened wide enough for her to enter. She found the hallway and rooms crowded with a rough, noisy mob of boys, some twenty of them, who called themselves the Hester Street Athletic Club, but who, in more general society were known as "Lanning's Lambs." They stopped short in their hilarious sport when they caught sight of the lady, and strained their necks to obtain a better view of her.

"Say, Pete, now you just keep your face where it belongs, see."

"Gee, she 's a peach!"

"Aw, go 'n! Ask her what the — she wants."

These and other remarks greeted Mrs. Watson, and inflicted upon her a sense of horror and sickening revulsion. Unconsciously she grasped the hand of the little fellow who was her guide, and did not follow, but terror-stricken almost dragged him with her up the creaky, dimly lighted stairs that led to the upper floors. She stopped at the second landing, where the boy told her Lanning had his room, and with her hand still in the child's she paused for some moments to regain her composure, and to recall the object of her visit. In this short space of time she passed through a transformation thorough and relentless.

Hitherto she had harbored a kindly feeling towards these poor, unfortunate creatures for whom Lanning was sacrificing the seed-time of his life, and she had even woven

about them a halo of heroic suffering, for she felt that in the pathos of their lives there was something which appealed strongly to her own. But now that illusion was dispelled.

In this abject poverty Mrs. Watson recognized only a condition of utter moral and spiritual depravity. Here, after all, were no aspirations, nor any regrets for opportunities that have been lost or denied; just so many swine, these people who snatched up the pearls of philanthropy. And thus her own feelings, seen objectively in these wretches, had been after all the real mark of her sympathy. So her husband had been right, had he? She smiled bitterly—this she had learned to do well—and consoled herself with a sigh that cut deeply into her heart. The boy had all the while remained with her, and stood regarding her curiously.

"Oh, my little friend, are you still here? Come take this." She handed him a coin, and asked his name.

"Isaac Bernstein's me name."

"Indeed; Mr. Lanning is very good to you, is he not?"

"Yes 'm."

"Well, go now, and tell him a lady wishes to speak with him. I shall wait here."

In a few moments the astonished Lanning appeared, and with an apology led the way into his room. Dismissing the boy, he closed the door behind him. His own astonishment at the unusual character of his visitor was no less than that of Mrs. Watson, for she, instead of finding as she had been expecting these last few minutes, a pale, sorrowful creature, with bleared withdrawing eyes, was confronted by a well developed young man, tall and broad shouldered, who towered as it seemed, above her, and gazed at her with fearless, steel-grey eyes;—handsome he would have been, but for a persistent, almost contemptuous sneer about the corners of his mouth.

The furnishings and decorations of the room were meager

enough. The desk was crowded with a lamp, a mass of letters, several photographs, and some four or five open volumes, while upon the floor beside it lay a scattered pile of manuscript. There were cheap lace curtains upon the windows, and some attempt at cleanliness had evidently been made. But the wall paper was faded and dirty, its bareness relieved only by two pictures, one of Goethe and one of Browning, a plaster profile of Napoleon, and a college banner, together with some souvenirs of undergraduate days. In a corner of the room upon a chest of drawers reposed a grim bust of Dante, and on the book shelf stood a lonely Venus of Milo.

Strange and even mysterious as the situation was, it was nevertheless saved from becoming embarrassing by the remarkable tact with which Lanning handled it. Even to Mrs. Watson it had become clear that what she had contemplated as a visit was nothing less than a hazardous adventure. Her reasons for her appearance seemed plausible enough, but yet Lanning saw plainly that his visitor in addition to concealing her identity was also withholding from him her true purpose. This, she had said, was a desire to obtain a more intimate knowledge of settlement work. Her interest, always great, had been stimulated by the magazine article, and so she hoped that Mr. Lanning would understand just why she had come. She had selected an evening as no doubt the time when Mr. Lanning would be the least busy.

Lanning nodded approvingly, and expressed himself as delighted to impart whatever information he could give. He explained the Probation System and his connection with it as an officer, narrated some of his experiences as illustrative of the types of people with whom he was dealing, and gave a general account of his daily life.

"And by these means you hope eventually to reclaim some portion of this community?" then asked Mrs. Watson.

"No, there may, of course, be an isolated instance or two, but on the whole I shall feel my efforts rewarded if I have done nothing more than to stem the downward course and to have eased the drag on society.

Mrs. Watson tapped her fingers on the arm of her chair and smiled appealingly. "A strong man in full possession of well developed faculties would not throw his life away for this alone, would he?"

"That depends, my dear lady, somewhat on his conception of success, and on his attitude to society. But then you will observe," he stopped short, and added with a nod of his head towards the manuscript upon the floor, "that for my own part, I am trying to get at the facts. I trust that these years will not have been altogether wasted, if some day I may be in a position to face the world, and may be able not only to draw its attention, but also to demand its assistance."

In these words Mrs. Watson had marked a peculiar tinge of bitterness and self-sufficiency, and aided by her quick intuition, had divined at once a man of aspirations, but who, having seen the flimsiness of his own ideals had consigned them to the winds. The sudden knowledge of this brought back to her the consciousness of her own insistent desire to know who and what this man was who bore the name of Lanning, and who had revealed himself through the medium of a magazine. When her husband had depicted him as a shallow-minded creature with a weakness for "doing good," an overpowering and sickening sense of disappointment came upon her, and tho she shrank from avowing this unaccountable interest, it was nevertheless welcomed in spite of herself and the sting of remorse which accompanied it. Lanning was altogether unknown to her, but yet had by his mere name rekindled in her breast the embers of a fire which had these many years lain dormant and smouldering. Every nerve was set aflame, and Mrs.

Watson, bound as by a spell, and driven to distraction, had gone to Lanning with no purpose other than the blind desire of finding and gazing upon this magician in whose thralls she was. But what was this power which enfeebled her will and drove her to a visit fraught with such ethical embarrassment? Was it perhaps linked to some unwritten chapter of the past, or was it merely a nervous reaction of the domestic infelicity of which she was a part? How little the unfortunate woman realized that she was the unconscious victim of a psychological law, whose inevitable logic held her relentlessly in its grasp.

When, then, she stood in the mysterious presence of this self-ostracised being, ill at will with the best of his kind, but withal determined and aspiring, she felt her soul expand with the discernment of the heroic that was in him. A pallor spread over her features, and her eyes grew dim, and she shrank within herself with an excruciating sense of reverence.

Lanning was deeply moved, but betrayed no sign of his surprise. He waited in silence for the crisis to pass, and tho he neither knew nor could guess the cause of it, he had expected it, for his acquaintance with human suffering was wide, and under Mrs. Watson's apparent composure he had already divined an inward struggle. For him it was merely another episode that touched his heart, but left his calm, calculating insight undisturbed. No curiosity prompted him to take advantage of the helpless woman, for, whoever she might be, he recognized in her a lady of station and refined sensibility, and he shrank from prying into a secret that perhaps ought not to be his.

Mrs. Watson was not long in recovering the mastery over her emotions, and with a grateful look at Lanning, which conveyed to him infinitely more than an apology or explanation could have done, she rose and prepared to go. But still she lingered.

"May I ask," she spoke with some hesitation, "whose photograph that is upon your desk?"

"That is my mother," he answered.

"It is a very sweet face. Is she still living?"

"No, she died years ago when I was a boy."

"And your father—where have you his picture?" Had he been quick, Lanning would have detected a quiver in the voice that asked this question.

"A picture of my father?—No, I have none. He was a major in the army, and twelve years ago was killed in South America, where he had gone as a soldier of fortune. He left me some manuscript on various philosophical and literary subjects, and a few odd poems of exceptional merit, but I never found a photograph."

"Twelve years?—but I must go. Thank you for your kindness in telling me so much about your work. It has all been very interesting. You, too, I think—I think—I understand. We might, perhaps, become good friends even, but, of course,—well, you can't quite comprehend. Yes—his—hair was the color of your own, he had your eyes, his features were of the very same mold,—and there was the same ring in his voice. No, I know you will not; you won't take any steps towards finding out who I am; I shall trust to your honor not to do that. Give me your hand—you will never see me again, but my thoughts will often turn to you—good-bye." Lanning was lost in amazement. He saw the woman take something from her bosom and place it in his hands. "Keep this," she almost gasped, and turned towards the door. Lanning beheld a small photograph yellow with age. There was an inscription, "Your very cordial friend, James Lanning," it read.

"Great God!" he exclaimed, "that is my father," and he would have rushed after the departing woman, but she was already in the doorway, tears were in her eyes, and he could not follow.

Otto Wolff, Jr.

Two Sonnets

DESPAIR

I know not whether Justice shall ordain
For men, who in their bondage-house of clay
Grow blind to heaven, a place where mourn alway
Souls that implore the balm of love in vain.
God's condemnations not the less remain !
Go to thy mother's welcome, bend to say
Thy babe goodnight, kneel before God to pray,
When sin befouls thy life with some new stain ;
In the undoubting trust thy mother gives,
In the clear eyes of thy babe's innocence,
In God's forgiving love vouchsafed thee yet,
Thou, verily, shalt find a sorrow that lives
Endurable beyond omnipotence —
The Hell of deep remembrance and regret.

HOPE

It may be, the forgiving love that glows
A homeward-guiding star to all mankind
Shall not forever touch the sinner's mind
To vain remembrance that vain sorrow knows ;
But, at the last, shall kindle faith that grows
Victorious in steadfast power to bind
Each trembling thought to God alone, and find
Joy only in the love whence joy arose.
Yea ! Thought in all its moving tides will set
Outward from shades that round the vanished shore
Of worlds obliterated linger yet,
And gathering peace will unreturning draw
Into the gulfs of Day, till we forget
All save the One light shining evermore.

George Tucker Bispham, Jr.

A Winter Comedy

DOWN where the night skies are warm, and the night air, steeped in the redolence of gardens, quivers with the flutter of leaves and the carol of nightingales, the life of love and merry-making unfolds as naturally as the rosebud; and there, it is said, is the home of the carnival. But in the frozen northland, the southerners tell you, there is no love, no merry-making, nothing but the grim trade of living and the grimmer trade of killing.

Perhaps it is true. Still, when the great lamps beyond the trackless desert of ice flame up in the northern sky, waving huge streamers of gold, saffron and crimson about the mariners star, the northerners hold a mock merry-making upon the ice. The click and slip of many skates sing a merry song, which softens into a rhythmic murmuring, not unlike a distant humming of myriads of bees; and it brings the spirit of summer very near, so near that you almost prick your ears for the twittering of birds and whiff the air for a scent of blossoms — almost — for Boreas comes whistling across the ice and boisterously flings a handful of frozen confetto in your face. Those northerners appear to enjoy it. They banter and laugh; and seeming to deceive themselves, they call it a carnival.

The carnival looked genuine enough to Walder as he loitered on the outskirts. A thousand flickering flambeaux sprinkled about the ice, gave a charmingly uncertain play of light and shadow, in which the tall officers gliding about beneath queer castors and csakos, grew amply grotesque and the ladies in shimmering furs, gained beauty and coquetry, if they had them not in the beginning. But Walder lingered on the outskirts of the carnival, away from the swarm of skaters; away from the glare of the links; away from the merriment.

He had wandered up to St. Petersburg with the same

aimless spirit his vagabond nature moved him about the world, and found an old classmate at The American Legation, who greeted him as a friend of doubtful sanity.

"What brought you up here at this time of year?" queried The Legation, looking him over.

"A princess, my boy," answered Walder. "The princess has lately acquired such a taste for the untitled nobility of the world, that I decided to try my luck. I heard the crop of princesses was bountiful up here, so I came."

"Come to the carnival tonight," retured The Legation, "and I'll show you a thousand."

That was how Walder happened to be standing on the edge of the ice, watching the fun. He was not having a good time; for The Legation had skimmed off somewhere, leaving him half ashamed to trust himself among the superb Russian skaters. Moreover he was cold.

"Comrade Whim," he muttered, as the wind wobbled him about on his skates, "you've made a sad mess of it in bringing me up to the north pole of civilization at this most unseasonable season. If I attempted to take a spin across the ice, I'd crack, like a frozen water pitcher." He was growing colder. "Ugh! it's aesthetic," he continued with a shiver, "but I prefer fashion-plates in a cosy room to a fancy ball in a refrigerator. These Russian men are polar bears and the women — beauties enough to be saved from the beasts."

It is an open question what would have been Walder's characterization of Russian women, had not a cloud of white fur dashed suddenly into his arms. A cloud of white fur was the impressionistic picture; but as Walder sustained the assault, he noticed a pretty round face, a winsome mouth, and two bright eyes, somewhat startled, mixed up with the white fur; and he made his observation on Russian women.

The cold vanished. Anyhow it would have been poor

chivalry to abandon such beauty to the beasts, even on an iceberg. Walder's arms were chivalrous, as he addressed the white fur and pretty face.

"Did mademoiselle come to teach a lonely foreigner to skate?" he asked in French.

The fur-clad figure began to stiffen haughtily. Walder steadied it, and let his arms drop. The bright eyes, however, spied his face, a very handsome face lightened with a smile so genial that all the forwardness of his speech was charmed away. Immediately a fresh girlish laugh rippled out from the furs, so girlish that it slightly disconcerted him. So stooping he picked up her cap and stood holding it in his hand, unwilling to let it hide again her golden hair, which bared, stole glints of fire from the distant torches.

"Mademoiselle is French," he ventured returning her cap.

"No," answered mademoiselle curtly.

"Suspicious — Russian, I see, and I shall lose my lesson.

"I must thank monsieur for taking the collision so good humoredly," she said pleasantly, after scanning him curiously for a moment.

"But have you no gratitude — no pity for a lonely stranger?" Walder pleaded. "Is Russia so inhospitable?"

She glanced about the ice, a quizzical smile hovering around the corners of her eyes. "Come," she said timidly at last. "For the sake of Russian hospitality."

Walder needed suitable company, not a teacher, and whirled her off like a meteor. Mademoiselle was too much a Russian not to enter freely into the skating and to much a daughter of Eve to refrain from slyly peering at the face of her companion; but she kept a slight reserve and up to the time they paused for a rest, she spoke only in answer to his questions.

"Is monsieur English?" she asked suddenly as she caught a better view of his face.

The corners of Walder's mouth twitched — his way of laughing when the laugh was all to himself — as he saw her dignity go to sleep on duty. He paused and debated a moment before deciding. It would have been easy for him to have been French.

"No, mademoiselle, I am American," he answered, smiling a little ironically, as he noted a touch of pride in his voice.

"I've always wanted to see and know a real American," she exclaimed impulsively.

At mademoiselle's unexpected outburst, Walder observed her more closely. She seemed much younger than he had at first thought, a mere chit of a girl, as she looked eagerly into his face. His conscience gave a twinge.

"The elephant and the monkeys are much more interesting," he replied gravely.

Mademoiselle appeared perplexed; then she blushed and laughed.

"You are unfair, monsieur," she remonstrated with an angry shake of her head. "You are making fun of me. I mean I wanted to talk with an American," she continued earnestly. My governess was American and she taught me to love your great country for its freedom."

"And its countrymen?" asked Walder.

"To honor," replied mademoiselle primly.

"You love my country and honor my countrymen," said Walder. "That is very good of mademoiselle, as well as very wise. This specimen of an American citizen, the only thing American I have to offer, is somewhat injured by having been absent at least a year and a day, but whatever service and information it can afford, is yours."

"Oh I should love to hear all about America. But I must go," she cried in vexation. "I should so like to talk to you — or one of your countrymen," she added slyly. "Has monsieur any friends in the city?"

Walder shook his head.

"I am going to Hermitage tomorrow afternoon," she said. "If monsieur should care to go there," she went on timidly, "why—I shall be there."

She concluded with a laugh and skated away into the crowd. Walder watched her, till she joined a huge bearded Russian in uniform.

"She is very pretty," he mused as he returned to his hotel. "I wonder if I'm wondering who she is—she has remarkably golden hair—and she is very young—yes, very young."

She met him the next day at the gallery. Half-forgetful of his appointment, he was ambling around among the old Spanish masterpieces, when he felt a touch on his elbow and turning he recognized mademoiselle smiling at his side. She was very simply dressed, looking even more girlish than the night before, and prettier.

"I had not as yet expected you," Walder apologized.

"I have a sleigh at the door," she told him, "and since you have seen the pictures, if you like, I will show you the city, while you can tell me of America."

She lead him out of the building to a neat little cutter. When they entered the sleigh, he stooped to take the reins.

"No! No!" cried mademoiselle. "I must have my prestige as hostess. Her fancy amused Walder and he laughed.

"I manage them very well," she assured him.

"Now tell me all about America," she said, as the cutter sped along.

"To begin, mademoiselle, America is a very large place, and I have not seen it for so long that I could never tell you all—in one afternoon. But you shall have all I can give."

He talked to her of America, as only those who know

how to please can talk, and he smiled at the height his own enthusiasm had mounted in his effort to entertain her.

"Yours is a great country, monsieur," she said with a laugh. "But they say here in Russia, the women rule it."

"The men rule the country and the women the men."

"Ho! Monsieur, that pretty lie is told of every country, the world over." The voice of mademoiselle had suddenly grown old and cynical. Walder scanned her sharply but found only an artless girl, bold in her shyness.

"Do women there really figure in things, monsieur?" mademoiselle asked, her clear eyes searching him earnestly. "Beyond of course having a certain power if they are clever or possess some physical attractiveness. Do they do anything but look pretty or try to do so?"

"We are the most hen-pecked nation that ever existed," replied he, laughing. "The women vote in many places but whether they do or not, they run the government. The women dictate our fashions; paint our pictures; and write our plays and books. They are the social censors and executioners. Those of us, who are not tyrannized by our mothers, wives, and sisters, are intimidated by our cooks."

"Seriously, monsieur, do they have as many rights as men?"

"More. They take all those of the men and no man dares claim any of theirs."

"Then they have freedom to go and do as they please?"

"Absolutely—if they wish. But they generally make some man go and do it for them."

"I have heard it is so," mademoiselle sighed. "And you trust your sisters—and wives?"

"Yes, it seems so. But I don't think they ask us much about it."

"You have fine men, monsieur," she said regarding him admiringly. "In all this freedom do they never run off with other men's wives?"

"Not frequently. More often the other man's wife runs off with the man. You see, mademoiselle, in America every man, who hasn't a wife, is too proud of his limited freedom to want one, and he rather pities his friend who has. That is until he falls in love—then he surrenders all rights of citizenship, becomes a serf, and doesn't count."

"You are very good to your women, monsieur, better than anywhere in the world. I wonder why."

"We have the finest mothers in all the world, mademoiselle. It is the American mother that gained the freedom of the American woman. The courtesy an American pays to woman is but his unconscious reverence of his mother."

"But your wives?"

"Become our mothers."

"With such treatment, women could not be other than noble. And yet," mademoiselle said archly, "were you entirely American last night?"

Walder studied her sharply again. There was just the shadow of mockery about her eyes.

"I've been away some time, I told you," he replied smiling. "Anyhow our introduction was unavoidable, if not conventional."

"I could listen on and on," she sighed, "but this is Russia and I am afraid I must say adieu." She drove on in silence for a few moments.

"Since you have no friends here," she said, as she stopped the sleigh for him to alight, "I should like to make your stay more pleasant. I go to the gallery often—to-morrow sure." Then she added with the frankness of a boy, "My name is Helga."

"In America," he answered, his eyes twinkling, "they call me Hal. It might have been Golgiwiji," he murmured as he turned away. "Helga—a very pretty name of a very pretty girl."

In the days that followed they met again and again; and

in those days, which began to number into weeks, they became great comrades. Mademoiselle never spoke of herself in their many drives about the city and though Walder might easily have learned who she was, he never considered it necessary ; for she was pretty and interesting, which was sufficient. Other, than when they were together, he saw her but a few times, always from a distance. She was generally with the Russian officer, she had joined the night at the carnival, whom Walder inferred was the brother she had now and then mentioned.

They wandered about the unusual portions of the city, which mademoiselle in spite of her youth seemed to know well enough. She would tell him about each place and about the Russian life in it ; and as she did so, her girlishness seemed to fade. Then when he talked of the nooks and corners of the world to which he had travelled, she would listen eagerly to his tales, like a child. They chatted about everything under the sun and stars. Mademoiselle had amassed a heterogeneous collection of socialistic notions, which she prided herself were American, and it was amusing for Walder to draw them out and watch the girl's enthusiasm soar into the clouds. It was then she seemed youngest.

She puzzled him, when he would study her covertly, as she sat beside him prattling away or listening attentively to what he said. At times she seemed the chit of a girl he believed her ; and again there were moments when an irrepressible feeling told him that she was older and more worldly-wise than he thought. Her little cynical observations on love and marriage, which slipped in unexpectedly now and then, not at all congruous with her girlish lips, would stir his suspicions that she was making sport of him ; but she would at once lapse back into the inexperienced girl, that asked many questions and eagerly sought the answers ; and he would decide that her remarks were naive or that she was precocious.

At the beginning Walder had decided to assume a fatherly or elder brother air with his companion but when the pretty mademoiselle was so enchantingly close to him, the air would somehow never assume. He felt occasionally that mademoiselle in showing him the city had a more kindly interest than that of a hostess; and in their rides, there were other things of more interest to him than the city; for a great deal can be said in the touch of a hand, much that is false, and some that is true. Considering the matter further, however, he decided that he was too imaginative and a trifle conceited; that their pleasant friendship, dangerous possibly, would stand, since throughout they had remained *monsieur* and *mademoiselle*, a most admirable safeguard.

He made no friends beyond mademoiselle and The Legation, as he lingered on in the frozen city, because he had not intended a stay of any length. He professed that it was a great mystery why he did remain, when the idea of going forced itself upon him a number of times and had been received with no warmth.

"My old pal Whim has deserted me shamefully," he complained to himself. "I wonder if he is frozen or only lazy, as myself."

It occurred that mademoiselle might be responsible for his delay; and the more he thought about it the more strongly he felt that she was; and straightway he decided to leave St. Petersburg. With that conclusion one day he went to meet mademoiselle.

She still used the sleigh, for they had not finished seeing the city. But had mademoiselle cared to notice she might have found, that for days Walder had been seeing St. Petersburg reflected in her eyes; but mademoiselle's own eyes had been too busy to notice.

He was moody during the drive, at loss how to tell of his departure; for that it would be sad news was evident.

Mademoiselle's happiness was too eloquent to be mistaken, the utter happiness that had taken the place of her former interest and curiosity. As she sped the cutter along, in her complete satisfaction, she did not notice his silence and twittered enough for both of them. It all seemed very awkward for Walder.

"I am going to leave St. Petersburg," he said quietly at last, after he had raked his brain for some easy way to begin. It was very blunt, not at all artistic, he confessed to himself, but he did not feel in a humor for circumlocution.

He felt her shudder and caught one fleeing, haunting look, before she forced a smile to her eyes.

"Monsieur is very startling," she said with another pathetic attempt to smile, and turned her face away. Walder wished to say something but he could think of nothing worthy of saying.

"You know I shall feel lonely after you have gone," she said slowly after a while, her voice wavering. "I had quite forgotten you were ever to go."

"I must," he replied soberly. "Mademoiselle herself has tempted me to remain much longer than my habit. She has been very kind, and I shall always remember my little Russian hostess, as my only friend, my warmest friend in this big cold Russia." They were silent a long time.

"Do you remember, monsieur," she half whispered, "our first ride? It was then you told me so many beautiful things of American women. I have often thought of them. What does an American woman do if she is married to a beast and loves a man?"

"I think she generally grins and bears it," he replied with a smile.

"And why?" she asked sharply.

"Consequences. Mademoiselle is very young. Some time she will understand."

"I'm seventeen, at least," she answered indignantly enough, though the corners of her mouth seemed to smile.

"Seventeen what—only years?" he asked, his eyes twinkling ironically.

"You are laughing at me, monsieur," she said, reproachfully. "And I thought you might be sorry to go—might care—for me."

"Perhaps, Helga, I do care," he replied quickly. "But what good can come of my saying so?"

"You are very strong," she said thoughtfully. "And you would never take away another man's wife?"

"I have always liked to think I would not," he answered.

"And even if you loved her?"

"And even if I loved her."

"When do you go?" she sighed.

"Tomorrow, I think."

"I am going to ask you a favor, monsieur Hal," she said, looking wistfully into his face. "I want you to come and see me to-night." Walder promised and she gave him an address.

"We shall take a pleasant farewell," she told him as he left the sleigh. "Come early, very early."

Walder's carriage that evening put him down at the entrance of a great gloomy house. He was at once approached by a servant, evidently waiting for him, and taken inside where the rich furnishings told him what he had many times suspected; that mademoiselle was something more than a simple Russian girl. A maid beckoned him to follow her and led the way through the house. She paused finally before a door and motioned him to enter.

"Monsieur is expected," she explained when he hesitated.

He opened the door and stepped into a lady's living room. He saw no one; but while he was glancing about mademoiselle appeared and greeted him. She was dressed for evening and in her rich gown, little mademoiselle of the

sleigh had almost disappeared. She had in the few hours past apparently grown into a woman, the most beautiful woman, Walder thought, that he had ever seen.

"Come here, over here beside me," she commanded, seating herself on a divan. "It is more like being in the sleigh and we can talk with greater ease if we are near—from habit." Walder took the seat beside her; and at once she became little mademoiselle again, save for a determined look about her eyes.

"You are going away to-morrow, monsieur Hal?" she began, speaking very softly.

"If possible," he answered.

"You are very stern and unkind. Can I not do something to keep you? Would you not stay if I asked?" she inquired plaintively.

"Very likely I should, mademoiselle," he replied slowly, staring at the floor. "But I must go sometime and—well I thought to-morrow might be well-timed. It is tardy. But after all my staying can bring us little good, and it might bring much trouble."

"Yes, monsieur Hal, it would bring much trouble," she responded promptly. "You are going to-morrow—it is best—and I am going with you."

He felt her intense look but would not meet it.

"Do you think I can let you go and leave me," she went on, her voice trembling. "It was lonely, unbearable, before you came and after you have gone—oh monsieur, I cannot stay."

She laid her head upon her arm and sobbed. He was but an idle wanderer, something of a vagabond and not much of a philosopher; but he thought he understood. He took her hand gently, as he would to comfort a grieved child.

"Little girl," he answered, steadying his voice, "we get our first real lesson in life when we find something we can-

not have. Perhaps it is the moon—perhaps it is something else. We can't have it and that rubs the wrong way. So off we fly at a tangent—and where do we land? Never where we expect, mademoiselle, but always some place from whence it is hard to get back and sometimes impossible. We must not let mademoiselle get so far away that it would be impossible to get back. Do you see, Helga?"

Helga shook her head and sobbed harder.

"There is something you think you want," he went on, in a fatherly tone, as though he were years older. "But believe me, mademoiselle, a few months and you will laugh at your fancy—a much better thing than having to cry for it—and in a year, you will have forgotten it.

"Monsieur has never loved," she asserted firmly, looking at him through damp eye-lashes.

"Often," he replied smiling at her. "How many times has Helga?"

"You don't mean that?" she asked anxiously. "You are—laughing at me—you think this is only a school-girl's foolishness—you don't care for me—and I thought—

"Would that change things, Helga?" he interrupted. "Would it make it any easier for us? What you wish is impossible. Grant that I cared for you little enough to attempt to take you away with me, could I? Listen. There is a disagreeable requisite called a passport and we could never steal out of Russia. You would be brought back like a little truant madcap and I—well Siberia is uncomfortably close to St. Petersburg. But there is a greater thing than your feelings and my safety. Of what sort should I be if I stole mademoiselle away from her friends and lead her into something—

Walder paused as he heard heavy footsteps outside the door and looked at mademoiselle. She jumped up, her face dark with anger. Immediately the door was flung open and the big Russian officer, he had seen with her

several times, raged into the room. Walder had risen beside mademoiselle; and as the Russian caught sight of them standing together he strode toward them, spluttering a tirade of Russian, which Walder could not follow; but there was no mistaking the man's rage. Walder fearing that he was going to strike mademoiselle stepped forward. The Russian turning unexpectedly on him, like a maniac, struck him full in the forehead. Walder did not comprehend the situation in the least; but with the blow all his fighting blood poured to his head and in a second he was at the throat of his assailant.

"Michael! Ivan!" he heard the voice of mademoiselle calling, as they fought. "Stop, stop you beast. Stop I tell you. I'll have you strangled for this. Here Michael, Ivan — throttle that animal and get it out of here."

Walder felt his opponent torn from his hands. As soon as he was free, he straightened up, somewhat dazed, trembling with excitement, and found the Russian officer, struggling in the grasp of two powerful men, who handled him with machine-like indifference. Near by mademoiselle was regarding the infuriated captive with disgust.

"How did he get up here?" she demanded angrily of the men. They shook their heads.

"Take him out and keep him until I want to see him," she ordered. They pushed the officer roughly through the doorway.

Walder looked inquiringly at mademoiselle but she would not meet his eyes. A sad and weary air hung about her; youth had dropped, like a mask, from her face. Everything was all in a muddle, he felt; little mademoiselle of the sleigh had vanished; but somehow he knew a keener pang than ever before, for the woman, years older than his mademoiselle, who stood dejectedly before him.

"Monsieur is bleeding," [she cried anxiously, when at last her eyes turned toward him.

"Faith you are the first to discover it," he answered gaily.

"Come with me," she ordered seizing him by the arm and leading him into an adjoining room. "Let me see—the beast," she cried fiercely, raising the hair from his forehead.

There was a small scalp cut just on the edge of his hair and though it was bleeding some, it was a trivial thing; but mademoiselle made much of it and in dressing it and fussing over it, seemed to gain as much comfort from her work, as the patient. The recent trouble was all unintelligible but he knew the woman whose tender fingers were about his head, was not entirely the mademoiselle who had so many days chatted beside him in the sleigh. It was all meaningless to him but he knew it was very pleasant to have her hands about his temples and he looked down at her with his old cheerful smile. Her arms went around his neck at once and her head rested upon his shoulder; and she sobbed differently from what mademoiselle would have wept. She was not mademoiselle and yet she was.

"It will all pass Helga—it will pass," he whispered monotonously, gently stroking her hair.

She raised her head from his shoulder; she stood away and looked at him steadily; and then she shook her head and dried her eyes.

"Yes it will pass, monsieur Hal, she echoed drearily. "But everything is in such a jumble—and I have deceived you basely. I should like to explain but it is such a tangle, I do not know how to begin."

"It doesn't make much difference after all," he replied.

"No. It cannot make any difference," she sighed, taking him back into the other room.

"We are going to say farewell in a moment," she half whispered, taking his hand. "A farewell, which is forever. You do not understand and it is better so."

There was a plain band ring on his finger and she slipped it off.

"It is a trite old trick of romance and the stage," she said with a cynical smile, "but I should like to keep this. Is it a gift?"

"It was my mother's."

"I'm glad. I may have it?" she asked slipping the ring on her finger. "And now you must go," she said pressing his hand. "Good by, monsieur Hal."

Walder bowing touched her fingers with his lips, and passing quietly into the hall, was guided out to the street. He drove to his hotel, his wits all askew, and there found The Legation awaiting him, pacing about like a caged animal.

"You were going to the theatre with me tonight," he cried bustling up. "Where in the devil have you been? Come on — there's time for some of the play."

"Yes," Walder answered blankly and followed The Legation to the theatre.

When they entered the box of the American Embassy, they found that owing to indisposition of the leading actress, the play had begun late and they were in time for the last act. Walder sat down and stared at the footlights, oblivious to the play, the actors and the audience. The Legation was prattling about it all, singing the praises of the actress and designating prominent personages in the boxes; but it all passed Walder unnoticed. His mind was working back over the evening, over the days and weeks he had spent in the czar's city, and trying to gleam some sense from the meaningless incidents of the night; and always there haunted him the face of mademoiselle, sad, hopeless, as she gave him her farewell.

"And you were going away without seeing the greatest actress in Russia," he heard The Legation babble. "Why man you don't know what you would have missed.

People come from all over Europe to see her and here you were blundering away without giving her a thought. She's wonderful — a vision of beauty and delight, the darling of the Muses. She'll come on soon —"

Again the words of *The Legation* became a drumming monotony in his ears and he went on studying the footlights.

"There she is," he heard *The Legation* ejaculate.

Walder raised his eyes indifferently from the footlights and saw mademoiselle. She stood at the center of the stage, reciting a part to a puppet lover. There was no mistake, he knew, for the box was close to the footlights and he recognized her by a hundred little personalities—the curve of her chin, the waywardness of her hair, and a trick she had of dropping one eyelid. He shivered as a bitter understanding of it all came to him. She had tricked him completely and many a laugh she must have had over her comedy of little mademoiselle.

"I knew she would thaw you out," he heard *The Legation* chatter. "You haven't taken your eyes off her face since she came on. She's worth it—but don't fall in love. She's married—married to that brute in the box across —"

Walder stared across the pit into the menacing eyes of his Russian assailant.

"—Prince Vimmekoff," *The Legation* rambled on. "He is the green-eyed monster at its worst, so jealous he sits up there and bites his nails, whenever she acts. He treated her like a brute, till she left him. But she can't get a divorce—he's too powerful."

To the Russian, Walder's eyes gave an abstracted glance — the blow, and even the farewell of mademoiselle, seemed a long time ago — and darted back to the stage to follow unconsciously and without understanding, each movement of the actress. She made a peculiar little gesture, familiar from a dozen scenes of the comedy in which she had gulled him, a gesture of girlish artlessness, and

recognizing it, he smiled sarcastically at the remembrance. As though stung by the smile, the actress turned from the puppet lover, piping his lines, to the great audience — straight to the face of Walder, her eyes absorbing his in the intensity of her own, sweeping stage and audience into utter blankness, till he saw only her, little mademoiselle. There was no surprise, no shame, no mockery in her eyes, only a great sorrow, that deepest of human sorrows, the dependency with which one watches take flight a last and most cherished hope. It froze her easy gracefulness to the coldness of a statue and blasted the gladness of her eyes. It may have been the acting demanded by her role — Walder knew nothing of the play — but it turned his bitterness to pity. Her puppet lover had been upbraiding her for some inconsistency and marking her cue in his closing words, she slipped a mask of raillery over her eyes and took up the thread of the play.

"You seek to fathom the ways of woman?" she cried with derisive laugh. "That was not given the gods. It was not given woman herself and if she tries, she goes mad — for there is nothing rational in her ways and never will be. I knew of one woman," she went on reflectively, her eyes raised to Walder, and her voice serious, "whose whole life to the man she loved was a lie. She made him believe the lie and played with all that was best in him as a child plays with new toys, for there were things in him which were new to her and which she did not believe existed. Why did she? Because — she was a woman — and by nature an actress who could no more resist playing a part than she could have changed the whims of fate. Then he had to go away and in going he still believed the lie, for she thought it was better so. But fate revealed it and the woman saw die his belief in her, the only happiness she had left. And did she regret the lie? No, a thousand times! It was the lie which before her sorrow had brought

her the greatest happiness she had ever known, — and there is memory. And who was the woman, you ask," she cried with a hard laugh, turning back to the stage over. "Ha! Ha! Monsieur, I fooled you. There was no woman. She was only a poor little marionette moved about a stage by strings and I have told you of a puppet comedy — such as we are playing. The poor little marionette with her paint, strings, and saw dust, was made to find that she had a heart and that was the droll satire of the comedy — a marionette with a heart. It was an unfortunate puppet comedy — the wires of the marionettes became entangled and it could not end. Just as our comedy, monsieur," she concluded, lifting her eyes to Walder with a wan smile. "The wires of the marionettes in our comedy are all entangled. Come, let us ring down the curtain."

Robert E. Rinehart.

The Huntsman's Message

They hunt no more at Aberfoyle
The wild stags range at will,
The weary hound forgets the toil,
The clarion is still ;
And knight and dame are far away
Riding a fairer quest today,
Beyond recall to sorrow.
Yet still, when storm comes on apace
They say at Aberfoyle,
That down the wind a phantom chase
Pursues a phantom spoil ;
And bugle calls and laughter dying.
Over the hills go faintly crying
Reveilles of the morrow.

Ames Brooks.

The Garden of Truth

OUTSIDE, thro' the window I could see the slender crescent moon swinging in the heavens. A silver ray of light fell slanting across my bed. At last I slept and in my sleep I dreamed I thought I had wandered into a garden of transcendent beauty. Aloft in the trees myriad birds were singing. Everywhere flowers bloomed fresh and fair in the warm sunlight; and high above all stretched the blue, blue canopy of the sky. Mingled with the ecstasy of my soul, as I looked and listened, was an uneasy sense of guilt. What right had I, a mortal, in this blissful paradise, where appeared no person save myself alone? And then I trembled lest it should prove a transient dream, doomed to a speedy evanescence. But even as I mused there issued one from a grove of trees near by, who approached me slowly. It was a maiden, tall and queenly—her face transfigured in the radiant light that reflected a soul, pure and holy. I fell on my knees before her, and covered my eyes with my hand. Half afraid, I cried, "Who am I that I should be heir to all this glory?"

She said, "Arise, what seekest thou, and whence comest thou here?"

I said, "I only know that I am here; beyond that—nothing."

She said, "Wouldst thou stay?"

I cried, hope springing in my breast, "I would live here with thee always."

She said, "Dost know who I am?"

I said, "I know not, but fain would know."

She said, "I am Truth. Many have come here, as thou, seeking they know not what; but none ever stayed, and Truth has dwelt alone thro' immemorial years."

I said to Truth, "Nay, but I will be thy companion. I will never desert thee. But tell me, in search of what did

those of whom thou speakest leave thy fair garden? Surely it was not by their own volition."

Truth said, "Ay, by their own volition. They sought pleasure and riches. Even now is it given to thee to make thy choice."

Then Truth held out her hands and bade me choose. "In the right," she said, "is the domain of Truth; in the left, the doubtful pleasures of the world."

I said, "I choose —"

Truth said, "Wait!"

And then it seemed to me that partly I awoke. Vague and dim appeared the outline of the window, and beyond hovered the gloom of unfathomable night. The moon had sunk to rest beyond the mountains. Restlessly, feverishly, I tossed from side to side; and then again I fell asleep.

Now I thought I stood at a lonely cross-road. On my left there was a sign-board, with a large hand, pointing. Beneath was written in plain, black letters the single word, "Truth."

On the right lay a large granite boulder on which was inscribed in letters of gold the legend, "Happiness and wealth."

"Ah," I thought, "now I will make the choice of Truth, and, following the road on my left, find again that sun-kissed garden, whose fragrant aroma still lingers, inefaceable, in my memory." But as I looked, to my surprise I saw that the road trailed away into a measureless desert, bleak and bare. Everywhere the driving sand stirred and shifted in the wind, and yet could find no rest. Everywhere the same pitiless waste of infinite desolation. Everywhere save one spot, just visible on the far horizon, where was a booth, and inside the booth, a woman, sitting; but in the distance her features were blurred and indistinct

"Truly," I thought, "the way of Truth is hard—inexorably hard; but my soul shall never shrink or swerve. I will follow the trail and if need be will make my home in the trackless desert. Nevertheless, let me take one look to the right and see where leads that other road, which, had I chosen, I might have followed."

Then, turning, I looked along the other road, and immediately a scale seem to fall from before my eyes. I saw in the distance a great city, builded of marble and glittering in the sunshine. My attention centered on a stately palace of titanic size, through the open doors of which thronged a great concourse of people, garnered from every race and station of life. I wondered idly what lay within the walls; and thereupon the side of the building became transparent to my gaze, and I feasted my eyes upon a sight such as I had never seen before.

The spacious interior was a huge banqueting room — its tables covered with the rarest wines. About the board men and women drank and drank, until they were surfeited with wine. Then the voice of revelry rose apace. Drunken men sang and shouted. Women clad in flowing robes danced madly upon the tables. Little children, glutted with wine, laughed hilariously. Never had human eyes beheld an orgy like to this. A wild fever of passion pulsed through my veins; I yearned to add my voice to that loathsome chorus. The barren desert of Truth was now utterly forgotten. With avid, fascinated eyes I gloated on the hellish scene. A moment I hesitated, trembling in every limb; then took one step down past the great boulder — and was lost.

Dazed, as one awakening from a long, long sleep, I regained consciousness. What had transpired? Where was I? Still I stood at the cross road, but the desert on the left, and the gilded city on the right were fading into

mist. Out of the grey void the two hands of Truth came swiftly into view, and with them a great throb of recollection surged up in my brain. What awful thing had I done? The mists sank back, and the tall graceful form of Truth shone forth again, more radiant, more glorious than before. On her god-like face was a look of infinite pity and tenderness, strangely blended with stern resolve.

At last she said, "Thou hast chosen, and thy choice is recorded."

I said, with sinking heart and trembling lips, "I have chosen Truth."

Truth said, "Thou hast chosen the lustful pleasures of the world, hence thou hast no place in the garden of Truth."

I cried, despairing, "But I made no choice till now, and now I choose Truth."

Truth said, "Thou hast had thy chance. Thou wast tried and found wanting. In thy heart, not with thy lips, thy choice was made. Yonder is the gateway and thither must thy footsteps tend."

Her uplifted finger disclosed the path, and I dared not disobey. With bowed head — my heart bursting with unspeakable anguish, I passed beyond the portals and heard the gates of the garden of Truth close behind me forever.

Howard Arnold Waller.

The Sixth Sense

THE paper had gone to press. We were seated, resting our spent nerves, on the long table in the reporter's room. Prevost, engaged in scratching a series of parallel lines across the wooden surface, bent his head lower when the knife-blade reached a row of letters, at one time evidently deeply cut, but now barely legible. He painfully spelled, R-i-c-hard C-a-r-ters. Raising himself Prevost asked, "Ever hear the tale of Dick Carters? No?"

This is his story:

"It happened years ago when you and Harding were youngsters. I was a cub on the 'Democrat,'—good paper that, gave me my start. Perhaps you remember the Carlton robbery case? How all the detectives and big reporters in town followed up clues that led them nowhere? What I am going to tell you happened at that time—five years ago. I was alone in the office one night, alone save for my thoughts and the amiable companionship of the city editor who gave me as much attention as he did the other pieces of furniture in the room. I was down on my luck. It's pleasant to read a newspaper over your morning coffee, but to help get one on the breakfast table struck me as being worse than Sherman's designation of war. You fellows may have run across the same idea. I can remember now how the clatter of hoofs on the pavement, and the rattle of late trucks across the tracks drifted up from the street, into the sticky atmosphere of that room.

"Of a sudden Edwards, the sporting editor, the words popping out of him like a rapid-fire gun, jumped through the door. The city editor glanced up. Then his chair screeched round a semi-circle. He glared like a chained bull-dog at a tramp fingering the back door knob. 'Prevost!' he yelled. I covered the intervening forty feet in

one second. 'Edwards has a tip that the Mayor of Parksville intends to stop the big fight. It's to be run off tonight. He hasn't wind of it. Go over, cover it thoroughly, and rush your stuff. All fixed for money? Good.' Air was what I walked on.

"The fight was pulled off in an old dance hall, worn out by too many Saturday night sociables and seldom used. A ring ready to collapse under its own weight squatted in the center of the floor. Ragged festoons of dirty cheese-cloth draped the smudgy windows. Streamers of the same material wandered from rafter to rafter. A motto of ever-green twigs from over the door proclaimed, 'Be Merry.' The crowd of riff-raff and six-days-a-week respectables was following instructions. They swirled round an improvised bar, behind which two barkeeps trussed up in long aprons served drinks, and clinked their glasses and believed themselves the best of friends. Fresh air, presumably furnished gratis by broken window panes and holes in the roof, was not to be found. It had fought a preliminary round with the odors of tobacco-stained sawdust and the fumes of rank cigars and had been knocked out—clear out of the building.

"I felt a trifle in the way until I saw Billy Finch, a friend of mine and a reporter on the 'Republican.' He introduced me to Carters, who was then a cub on this paper. Carters sat on my right and Finch on my left when the fight started. I tried to draw Carters out. He appeared to be as lonesome as I. Told me he had the assignment because his paper had no one else to send, they were all on the robbery case. It was an excellent reason, in fact the same that gave me the job, though I didn't say so. Carters remarked he had once been a boxer, champion of his amateur club at home,—or something as honorable. I expected that for him covering the fight would be easy money. It wasn't. Did you ever notice a high-strung horse mince through a crowded street?

How he pricks forward his ears, and flings back his head; distends his nostrils and quivers his flanks? Personfy instead of personify the simile and you have Carters. He watched those fighters maul each other around the ring a nervous thoroughbred eyes a cable car. At the end of the second round his breath was coming in unison with the gasps of the men inside the ropes, his fists were balled tight, straining his fingers until the knuckles turned white, perspiration was dripping from the wet mop of hair on his forehead. He had completely forgotten his paper and his story. The fever of battle had claimed its own.

"The usual thing happened in the fifth round, a string of bluecoats stalked toward the ring. The crowd drew back from the smiling man at their head as though he breathed contagion. The fighters leaned panting against the ropes; the referee, one arm extended, froze in his tracks. It was so quiet you could hear the quick breathing of frightened men. The detective held the floor. There were no disputants. When he spoke the charm was broken 'I want McCarthy, there. The other I have nothing to do with—now at least. Don't run away, gentlemen, it's only a private tête-a-tête.'

"McCarthy sullenly crawled through the ropes and made his way to the dressing room. A copper accompanied him. The spectators jostled back from the doors and windows. The referee whispered with the detective. Then he announced, 'Gentlemen, so that you shan't be cheated of your sport to-night, the management of this here bout has authorized me to put up two hundred dollars to back Kid Smith, the famous light-weight spared by my friend the detective, against any gentleman present lasting six rounds in a scientific go. Are there any takers?'

"Bedlam broke lose among the gentlemen. Finch leaned across in front of me to say, 'Dick, why don't you take him?'

"I glanced at Carters. He was awake from his dream and mopping his forehead.

"Take what?' he asked. 'You don't mean—,' he half rose from his seat.

"That's exactly what I mean,' replied Finch. 'You can do him. Look at him. Thought you were hard up?'

"So I am. He runs too much to the waist, I have him an inch in reach; he's half winded, I'm fresh. Billy, I'll do it.'

"Knew you would,' Finch called back over his shoulder, as he pushed toward the referee. Five minutes later, clad in a pair of patched, misfit tights, Carters entered the ring. Finch as his second followed. The crowd pulled me back before I had a fair chance. Kid Smith smiled as he grasped his opponent's gloved hand. The spectators applauded. Two minutes after the gong sounded that smile disappeared. Carters fought as though he had been raised on prize fighting. In the first round he beat the Kid's chest until it looked the color of a blood-stained handkerchief. The next round he closed the Kid's right eye. The third he opened the Kid's lip so that the claret dribbled down his chin. In the fourth round he landed stiff ones over the heart, and in the fifth, the Kid threw up the sponge. The gait told on Carters' untrained condition. While we were congratulating him, and pumping his hand, his jaw dropped slack, and he slipped like a wet rag through our arms to the floor.

"He was a little befuddled when he opened his eyes again, for he cried, 'Did I win?'

"Well, rather,' Finch answered, 'does n't this two hundred look like it?'

"But my story? I'm a goner now.'

"Billy laughed. 'I telephoned some stuff in for you a while back. It's in press now,—told all about you as the Great Unknown. You do n't seem to realize that you beat

Kid Smith to a standstill. You 'll be famous in the morning. And say,— Finch bent over closer—'the Kid's former friends would like to hear a few words from you. Tell 'em anything you like.'"

"And afterwards?" asked Harding.

"Carters was a newspaper man. It took him eight hours to spend that two hundred."

"Ever hear from him again?"

"I met him on the street the other day. He fights in Watertown to-night. It won't be worth the railroad fare."

"And Finch?"

"They say he referees slugging matches."

"And I say," replied Harding getting down off the table, "they told you wrong. Listen to this. Finch has been in London the past eight years on the 'Herald.' Dick Carters is now one of the biggest newspaper men west of the Mississippi. He has never worn a boxing glove in his life."

"Hasn't he?" observed Prevost easily. "I didn't know. How could I? I never met the gentleman. And I never heard of that particular fight until," he paused and smiled, "until I used my sixth sense, my newspaper sense of invention."

John Matter.

Cris's Mountain Lion

THE wind was whistling down the gulches and piling the snow up in drifts along the road. The little mining town lay scattered along both sides of the creek, which was frozen solid, and from several cabins the smoke slid out of the chimneys and was whirled away by the wind, in a way that made you cold just to watch it. In the growing dusk, the stage could be dimly seen coming up the road, the horses wallowing through the drifts barely able to make headway against such odds. At the door of the little store, that was also the post office, the stage stopped and the driver tossed the mail bag to the storekeeper.

"Man killed down at Jink's Gulch last night by a panther," he said, and then drove on to put up his team for the night.

"Say, Bill, how'd it happen?" yelled a miner after him, but Bill was too cold and hungry to answer any questions then and the stage disappeared in the direction of the "Jim Crick Hotel."

Mail time was the event of the day at the camp and so there was the usual crowd of miners gathered around the glowing stove waiting for a chance letter or perhaps a paper from some far-off part of the country.

The Tenderfoot spoke up timidly,— "Do panthers attack people up here in the mountains?"

This question was addressed to a miner standing near him, but the Hunter took it on himself to answer.

"Well, I can't say as they do very often, but once in a while there'll come a cold spell that'll drive 'em down in these parts, and then you want to look out for your stock. If they don't get over much of that they're liable to grow kind o' mean."

"You tank about de time one follow Jonson tamn near to his cabin?" the Swede said.

"How was that?" questioned the Tenderfoot.

The Hunter lit his pipe and took several long puffs. "Well, I'll tell you," he said. "Cris and me was pards that winter and we had our cabin up on Walker's Peak where we was workin' a claim. That's about four miles from here, and one of us used to come down to camp every Saturday afternoon for the mail and what stuff we needed. Along in February there was an extra hard spell of cold weather and considerable snow. This brought the game lower down than they'd been stayin' and one evenin' I killed a deer not over fifty yards from the cabin. That was Friday, and Saturday Cris allowed he'd take a quarter of venison down to one of the boys at camp and stay for the dance. He was the craziest fellow about goin' to dances you ever saw."

"Guess you ben for get Cris' broder," interrupted the Swede.

"Oh drat his brother! As I was sayin', if there was a dance goin' on anywhere around, you'd see Cris peggin' off to it. Well, the boys had fixed up a big one this time and Cris had his girl picked out a couple of weeks before hand. I sort of reckon that's where he took the venison, but he never told me. By the time the dance was over and he had taken his partner home, it was pretty near two or three o'clock, and the night was dark. It was one of those nights when a soft, wet snow is comin' down and everything is still and quiet. But Cris had a lantern and besides, he knew the trail, so he thought he'd come on to the cabin. About two miles from camp here., the trail starts in and it's as rough as you generally find 'em. Cris had a sack of provisions slung over his shoulder and was carryin' the lantern, so that walkin' was pretty tough and he had to stop and rest every hundred yards or so.

"After a hard climb, he had stopped to catch his wind again, when he heard a twig snap a little ways back on

the trail. Everything was so still that the sound made him jump. He started off up the trail again walkin' as fast as he could and stoppin' now and then to listen. Pretty soon he thought he heard a sound off to his left and a little behind him. He climbed a short piece further and stopped right sudden. Sure enough, he heard some animal up to one side of the trail. He could hear it light, thump, in the snow, then everything was quiet again.

"Cris had lots of sand, but now he began to feel sort of queer. There he was, out on trail with nothin' in the way of a gun and stories he had heard comin' up in his mind all the time. It was dark as the face of a drift when you happen to knock your candle out, except for the little glare made by his light, and whatever the animal was it might pounce on him from any direction. A little further along the trail he caught a glimpse of somethin' slippin' along at one side of him.

"That must be a mountain lion," thought Cris, "and he's tryin' to cut in a head of me." So he hustled on as fast as he could, whirlin' the lantern on all sides. Just about this time he struck a place where the goin' was better and he commenced to run. Every little while he'd hear the mountain lion back on the trail somewheres and then he'd flash his lantern around that way. Once he slipped on a rock and almost smashed his light, but he jumped up and hurried on again, the sweat pourin' off of him — and it wasn't a warm night, either.

"From the place where he fell it was about a mile to the cabin, but Cris ran every step of the way. I had a light burnin' in the cabin and when he saw that, Cris let out a whoop that made the cañon ring. The lion got discouraged here and givin' a terrible scream, (so Cris said) he went crashin' off down the side of the mountain. Say, you ought a seen Cris when he came in and flopped down on a chair. Gosh! he looked like he'd seen a herd of

ghosts. He was as pale as one, you bet, and there was big drops of sweat standin' out on his forehead.

"It was about an hour before I could get him to talk straight, and then he told me all about it. We set up and talked till daylight and then I took my rifle and went back on the trail to where I could follow up the tracks. They didn't look just right to me, but still I followed 'em off down the mountain. They led straight for old Smithy's cabin and then I began to get things smoothed out. Smithy was gettin' his breakfast when I came up and so he asked me to stop and have a bite with him."

"'Out after game?' " he said, seein' my gun.

"'Oh, just some tracks I wanted to see about,' I told him — which was perfectly straight. You see, I'd followed those tracks as far as Smithy's cabin and found — as I suspected at first — that they were made by Reddy, his big deer hound.

"Well now, maybe you think I didn't have some fun over that. Every time I'd think of Cris tearin' along the trail, swingin' his lantern, and expectin' every moment to be his last, I'd just bust out laughin'. And his mountain lion was only an innocent old dog that had followed him a little way for company. And that screechin' business — he! he! he! gosh, I guess Cris must a been pretty scared. When he seen me laughin' so much to myself, he kind o' got curious and finally made me own up. Well, you never saw a fellow look as silly as he did when I told him. And then I had to promise to keep it quiet provided he didn't start any mountain lion yarns. But pshaw! he was so fond of talkin' I didn't have to wait very long, and I guess he's never forgiven me for tellin' on him yet."

"All right boys," said the postmaster, shoving up his little window; and the circle around the stove quickly broke up. But the Tenderfoot waited till there was somebody going his way before he went out into the dark.

Addison Talbott.

In Memoriam

WHEREAS, God in his infinite mercy, has called us to mourn the loss of a be'oved and honored classmate, Harry F. Clark, one who by his manly and christian character endeared himself to all of us, and

WHEREAS, the class of 1904, in his death has suffered a great loss, be it

Resolved, that we his classmates, extend to his family our sincere sympathy and deepest sorrow in their bereavement. Furthermore be it

Resolved, that we wear, for thirty days, a badge of mourning as a tribute of affection, for him whom God has taken from us. And furthermore, be it

Resolved, that a copy of these resolutions be printed in The Daily Princetonian, The Nassau Literary Magazine, and The Princeton Alumni Weekly, and that a copy be sent to his family.

W. M. STEVENS,

F. W. JACKSON,

W. SINCLAIR,

H. H. HENRY,

J. W. COOK,

W. C. KERR,

For the Class.

WHEREAS, it has pleased God in His Providence to take from us our beloved classmate and friend, William Harold Pollard, who by the manliness of his character and loyalty as a friend has won our and respect and

WHEREAS, by his death we all feel an irreparable loss, be it

Resolved, that we, the class of 1905, extend to the members of his family our heartfelt sympathy and that as an expression of sincere regard we wear a badge of mourning for thirty days, and be it further

Resolved, that a copy of these resolutions be sent to his parents and be printed in The Daily Princetonian, The Nassau Literary Magazine, and The Princeton Alumni Weekly.

G. CALLAN,

A. T. CARTON,

S. H. DADDOW,

E. D. PAYNE,

E. D. TOBEY,

F. B. ST JOHN,

For the Class.

In Memoriam

The following resolutions on the death of William Harold Pollard 1905, were adopted by the American Whig Society.

WHEREAS, it hath pleased God in His wisdom to remove from our midst our beloved friend and brother, William Harold Pollard, be it

Resolved, that we, the members of the American Whig Society do express our deep sorrow and our heartfelt sympathy to his family in their bereavement, and be it further

Resolved, that a copy of these resolutions be sent to his family and that they be printed in The Daily Princetonian and in The Nassau Literary Magazine.

SAMUEL H. DADDOW
HORACE E. HAYDEN, Jr.
THEODORE C. MOWRY,
NORMAN M. THOMAS,
EDGAR Z. WALLOWER,
For the Society.

Editorial

Dramatics In a little more than two months the Triangle
in the Club will give the first presentation of its an-
University annual performance,—a fact suggesting to us
the appropriateness of a bit of philosophising on
this particular phase of action in the University. To us,
the subject shows two aspects which we may look into
hastily, but perhaps not altogether fruitlessly. Why has
our dramatic organization chosen to play musical comedies
composed by undergraduates and, since it has adopted this
field, what is the worth of a musical comedy in general
and to us here ?

It is difficult and perhaps impossible to give a true
answer to the first question, yet since we have asked it, we
must make a shot at some sort of an explanation. A sig-
nificant mark of the spirit of this place is that all under-
graduate institutions have sedulously avoided any appear-
ance not only of what might be called "faculty control,"
but even of faculty influence. This tendency is right
because it has its origin in independence and organizations
arising out of it attract spontaneous effort,—the effort that
enlists the best energies and results in the best work.
Herein lies the secret of the good work done by the under-
graduates in lines *extra curriculum*, despite manifest handi-
caps. The Triangle Club belongs to the class we have
defined, in fact it is the best example of it, seeing that
nothing could well be farther removed from what we are
fond of calling professorial seriousness than an organiza-
tion which presents a musical comedy. If we will pause
to think a moment, and to take the point of view of the
outside world, it will seem to us slightly incongruous, as
it undoubtedly does to many onlookers, that the students
of a learned institution (for a university is a learned insti-

tution, though the most of us are not prone so to regard it while there) should elect to present one of the most frivolous forms of drama that now hold the stage. Why don't we give a Greek play or a French comedy or a tragedy of Shakespeare's? The explanation is easy. It is nothing more than the principle of reaction. We want something light, something pleasant, something that doesn't smell of libraries and, above all (and this is not particularly creditable) something that will please the public. Such are the reasons for the choice of musical comedy.

As to its worth. We said that the musical comedy is "one of the most frivolous forms of the drama that now hold the stage." We are prepared to abide by that opinion. As comedy it is unusually worthless and as music little better. But this judgment applies only to the musical comedy as performed on the public stage. When composed and enacted by students the case is altered. For many reasons the regular comedy is impracticable, not the least of them being that more talent is required to write and to perform it than is often found among undergraduates who are necessarily immature. The revival of some classic play, one of Shakespeare's or Sheridan's, for instance, lacks zest, besides eliminating the very important factor of original composition. It is the recognition of some such facts as these that has led to the musical comedy. It is, perhaps, not the best form, but it is the most available and the best under the circumstances. It is spontaneous, it has interest and it brings out effort.

In our own particular case, to have the Triangle Club accomplish the best results in its productions and be of most service to the undergraduates (it is hardly necessary to observe that all such organizations are merely a means to this end), competition in every department must be kept perfectly free and open to all, and interest must be centered on the production in itself and not on the public.

Gossip: OF THINGS AS THEY ARE

"Tom repeated it,
Quoting Dick, who heard of it,
When that Harry offered it as a suggestion;
And very soon it grew
An undoubted creed, which you
Must believe in or be damned in, without question."

Mr. Anon.

"What have you done for Princeton?"

King Conscience.

When mother-earth lies hidden beneath her winter shroud, and all growth springing from her of brushwood and tree stands dark and bare against the sunless heaven, we, who love her, await the glad season which shall come to unmantle these snows and frosts, and reveal the fresh greenness everywhere quickening into flower and fruit. To one, who in despondent mood, looks across the landscape of college life, a like winter might seem to burden the ground; he must hope for a springtime when each seed therein shall come into fruition. He discovers clouds above; and round about him much that is choked and seemingly barren. He knows that firm soil is there,—the Princeton soil that is teeming with good life. But rains (thinks he) must descend, and a thaw set in before all is ripe beneath a future sun. And the rains he prays for are those of of thoughtless criticism, and the thaw is that of modesty. A strange observer, you will say, who sees and thinks in such wise! The Gossip agrees with you. Do we not hear from all sides that the sky above Princeton is wholly clear; do we not cry out each morning how fair blooms the land beneath that azure dome? How can we doubt the voice of the Majority, which proclaims that in a world most wretchedly imperfect Princeton alone is surprisingly near perfection? Wherefore, give no heed to such an one as stoops and peers for ugly faults. He is not patriotic. For patriotism, of course, consists in shouting very loudly, "We are great, We are noble, We are wonderful!" The Gossip's heart beats with pride at that mighty chorus. He lifts up his voice in unison. This hour—if you will listen to him—he will sing a hymn of triumph, praising the virtues of Princeton men.

But, where to begin? Let him consider a minute. Hah! Do you not remember the saying that without modesty progress is impossible? Now we have confessed that we are not *quite* perfect. We are only rapidly

becoming so. Wherefore—how logical this is!—Princeton men possess as fundamental the virtue of modesty. Yes! We are aware not only of some defect in ourselves, but also in our neighbors. Contemplate this fact awhile, and see the good it has wrought among us. In the first place, its chastening power has bred universal tolerance. We judge one another leniently. Nowhere is this more happily illustrated than in the relations (once, alas! too strained) between undergraduates and the faculty. A student, let us say, receives a first group from Professor X—. If, at a subsequent discussion, the mental capacity of Professor X— is questioned, be sure that student will take the most charitable view possible. He will declare the gentleman to be a man of great sense, of sure discrimination. His defence, even against a majority, will be manly and kind. Now suppose, on the other hand, that Professor Y— flunks some fifteen or twenty in his course. Such deeds must occur if high standards are to be maintained! Do you think the professor will bear a grudge against those who fell asleep at his lectures? Not a bit of it. He will go out of his way to comfort them. He will probably announce that in many papers the marks fell but one or two short of passing. Well meditated judgment—leniency—they are exhibited in all cases! One fallen into temptation does not necessarily consider a Dean wicked because he fulfills the duties of his office. The Committee, on expelling a man, does not pain his father by writing home that his nature is wholly abandoned; on the contrary, the letter says that, apart from his one dark crime of breaking a Rule which Ink has perpetuated and Time sanctified, his character is manly, upright, loveable. Yes! all misunderstanding and strife is fleeing before sweet tolerance. The old battlefield is nearly aflower with the lilies of peace. Only a minor difference or so remains to be settled; only a few errors to be corrected! The little skirmish that still frets around compulsory chapel will end when those who from the rear call, "Go and receive benefit," come themselves gracefully forward to lead the way. The low thunder that greets every new Rule will subside when students remember that they were sent to college to be guided and restrained. Obedience will become greater, according as the invention-power of legislators becomes less, and rules come forth not so rapidly but that they may be "marked, learned, and inwardly digested" by the slow mind of youth. Hasty generalizations must be avoided. Let none imagine his elders have reached second-childhood; let none forget his juniors have outgrown the wild craving for milk-bottle and rattle. Only these few points to be conceded by either side; and Peace may walk abroad unafrighted.

Now tolerance which has brought this bright consummation near at hand, has worked not the less well among the various groups in the undergraduates' world. The understanding one of another which is so pleasantly established between the slave to Work, and the minion of Idleness, between him who goes to Murray Hall, and him frequent^s other places, between the worthy being who wears a Red Hat, and the

worthy being who wears a Blue Hat, forms the basis of that democracy of which we, sons of one Alma Mater, are so justly proud. The instances of the prevailing democratic spirit are many and beautiful. The most casual observer may note them on his walks through the campus. Take your stand in the arch of the Library any morning when the recitation bell is conscientiously ringing. You will see how that fellow whom (everybody says) has splendid chances of becoming a Manager, and who for that reason might be pardoned a little self-conceit, you will see, I repeat, how he speaks pleasantly to everybody, to friends whose names he can't remember, to people whom he is not certain whether they be enemies or no. Go to any place where a number are gathered together, to Dickinson Hall at the time of class elections, for instance; you will behold the same exhibition of good-fellowship. Everybody chats together; there is such slapping-on-the-back going on that you might think some contagious disease had appeared in the student world; men who usually wear hatbands put them aside for the brighter halos of personal worth. On such an occasion the Gossip once took pleasure in seeing two men whose ways had long drifted apart—ever since one of them left their freshman eating-club for another which offered more wholesome food—meet again in the friendliest manner; he whose digestion was weak discussed the respective merits of the candidates, and gave his unprejudiced opinion without reserve. No doubt a fact or so might be cited not altogether encouraging to the Gossip's cheerful view of our social brotherhood. Some men, when they are pointing out the college buildings to interested girls, find it inconvenient to be taking their hat off to everyone they meet. There are those who have such a passion for cleanliness that they wear gloves on the hottest days, a habit which goads others to sum up their character with a rapidity which defies charity. The Sophomore Class, which before Easter moves as one solid body, melts into divided groups under the rays of a May sun. However, if there be any persons who violate the democratic spirit of Princeton, the Gossip is sure that the discerning critics who detect snobbishness, will give their energies forthwith to wise chastening and correcting. They will not rest content to rail against the offenders in those secret discussions which are the best means of healing all ill, but assuredly will also show by example what true kindness is, what true democracy. Being more clever than those whose brains are clouded by the fumes of vanity, they will be more ready to extend the first greeting, to go at least half way toward friendship. For *knowing* better necessitates *doing* better. Thank goodness we have sound heads and wise among us! Let praise be given to Education, to College Education, which the four years gone by, presents the Majority with those slips of paper which conclusively prove their acquirement of such learning as fond parents would have them master, and of such knowledge (surpassing all book-lore) of Men and Life as must give them inestimable advantage in the post-graduate race for the position of office-boy.

One more word the Gossip must add to his panegyric on Us. He must speak on that Princeton spirit which each one of us not only talks about but, conscious that deeds speak best, strives in practice to make living. It is a hard matter to discuss. For although we all know we possess that spirit, our opinions differ widely as to the possible modes of expressing it. There are, perhaps, men who (to speak harshly) consider the subject from one point of view, who cry out "you can only show Princeton spirit by giving up cigarettes and playing on a team," or "you can only show Princeton spirit by smoking cigarettes on the side-lines and cheering the team." But the number whose exhortations are limited to these words are few; they are such as prophecy gloomily that the Hall, the Nassau Lit. and all manner of French Clubs, Chemical Societies and the like flourishing organizations will sap up all undergraduate vitality; fearing lest there be no candidates left for athletic honors, they become anxious as a mother protecting her sickly offspring. Public opinion (whose voice alone the Gossip heeds) speaks in far broader terms. Public Opinion states that whosoever does what best he can to further Princeton's interest in whatsoever activity—whether long-successful or newly struggling—is showing the spirit we honor; that Dick Shorteyes, who studies most afternoons in the week to acquire that knowledge which he honestly believes may work good in the world, and reflect credit upon his college is exhibiting true loyalty, even in like measure with Tom Shouterlee, who goes to every practice, bets on every game, accompanies every trip—of baseball nine, Glee Club, Triangle Club—and splendidly defies all possibility of being soon dropped from his beloved university. Public opinion, so broad-minded in its utterance, is no less generous in promoting the active support of all Princeton organizations, bidding men give to them muscle and brains, or, lacking such, ten-cent pieces, or, wanting such, encouraging words, or, failing such,—not cheap ridicule and blighting scorn. Oh, my friend, since the Majority of us think so, and act so in this college, we may well rest content and proud. Since Princeton spirit—and who can doubt it?—so vitalizes every vein of Princeton's body, we may truly shut our eyes in peace, and lift up our voices in exultation. The Gossip is thankful that neither you, kindly reader, nor he need trouble to better any fault in this our Princeton.

Editor's Table

'There is a time and place for everything,' is a copy-book apothegm we have continued to hear ever since we left our shoes on the piano — when we were very young — up to when we held Nan too assiduously in the dance. We cannot say that we care very much for the aphorism and we have doubts about there being a time and place for everything. Even if that unpleasant text is a truth we see no virtue in running it into the ground.

'In season,' is a phrase we dislike as much as 'in fashion.' We prefer our strawberries in December, we have stayed in town during the summer; and have gone to the mountains in the winter. The Editor feels he is a sort of Monsieur Malaprop, but he cannot help it. It is 'time and place,' he believes, that makes life trite, Jack a dull boy, and the magazine duller reading.

There, that is the gist of all this. Here along comes spring and the poet begins to warble his birds and babble his brooks. Nature awakes; so does the poet and the annual crop of spring poetry is harvested. Spring poetry is the one harvest that never fails. Bye-and-bye summer comes and the spring poetry left over can be warmed up for summer. Then comes the fall and every thing begins to die or be dyed. And last arrives the winter with all its holidays and those are the melancholy days of the year; for each holiday must have its inning with the magazine and Christmas is the glutton.

Of course Christmas comes but once a year, but it has been doing that sort of thing for nineteen hundred and three years. Granting that literature in the early centuries may not have exhausted very much of the Christmas material, we are still of the opinion that in the last three hundred years, it has been doing its best in that direction and has sudrop admirably.

Now in the December issues every college magazine — at least almost every one — deemed it a hard and fast duty to print a Christmas story, a Christmas verse, or a Christmas rhapsody of some nature — at times all three and then the cup overflowed. Because Christmas is situated along toward the end of December is regarded as sufficient reason for burdening the December issue with Christmas literature. It is pretty rough on the December issue for it has been the fortune of the Editor to encounter very little Christmas literature worth the reading. Christmas literature is entirely within the province of cheap periodicals.

Indeed that of the field offered by Christmas has been left by the penny-a-line scribblers of the last three hundred years. What was over, looked has been gobbled up by good writers who ought to have known

better. The same old literary mummers come forth every Christmas and trusting to the alleged good humor, which is fabled to pervade mankind at Christmas time, give us the same old masques with brazen shamelessness, frequently not even attempting to conceal the aged and overworked comedies with new masks and costumes.

Every year old Scrooge gets his Christmas remorse in some fashion or other. The money he has been grinding out of widows and orphans hangs heavily in his pockets and he suddenly remembers his third cousin must have a house full of children who have about as much show of seeing Santa Claus as an inhabitant of a steam-heated flat. So Scrooge gets out his white beard masquerade and starts out to buy up shop-worn dolls and damaged toys. We are not told what Scrooge does after Christmas day—he is always left among happy children playing ring-a-round-a-rosey about a Christmas tree—but we infer that he goes back to grinding the widows and orphans, for he always shows up next year in the same burlesque. Then there is the poetry of the Star of Bethlehem type. It is out of the question to suppress it at Christmas.

It does not need more than a jog by The Editor to bring this Christmas literature to mind. Everyone knows it in its stereotyped forms. The gist of the entire matter is, why must we always have Christmas poetry and stories at Christmas; spring poetry and spring stories in the spring. A winter story in the summer, we believe ought to have a good mental effect. Given the mercury flirting with 100° in the shade and a poem dealing with icebergs and blizzards, the result would be a fairly good mental equilibrium. As we said at the beginning we have no reverence for the sanctity of time and place—all the time.

Now the Georgetown Journal begins by flinging Christmas right in the face of The Editor. The opening poem harps very prettily on an old theme. 'Kings Polyglot's Dilemma,' is the best thing in the way of Christmas literature we find, but the dilemma could have occurred any other time and Christmas is merely incidental. The Journal begins very pretentiously with so much Christmas color, but then decoration is outside the province of The Editor's Table. "The Tough Man" is a model story for college fiction. It has the ring of validity a writer should try to bring out. The author knows what he is writing about and weaves enough romance into the fabric of his writing to make it an interesting story. We read with interest Mr. Arthur Duffy's article telling how he did it. We did not know Mr. Duffy along with his other talents was a writer but even in some ways in this latest field he distances all others. The following we quote as a classic for naivete if nothing else—"Daily I could hear the passengers inquiring who 'Duffy' was; it was surprising to see how my notoriety as an athlete had preceded me." The quotation is the essence of the entire article before which all else in the Journal pales.

We picked up the University of Virginia Magazine with the assurance

that we should find something to our liking. "Influences That Moulded Heine," confirmed our feeling. It was the most attractive and finished essay of the exchanges. There is probably not very much new to those who know Heine well but to one whose acquaintance with the great German poet is slight, the essay is valuable. 'La Petite Noel' is better than the usual Christmas story, but it smacks of the goody-good. 'The Syndicate of Crime' is the best story in the magazine from a technical standpoint and worth while to the reader. The writer shows the power of plot construction.

There is not very much that is unexpected in the story. 'The Unexpected' which appears in the *Xavier*. 'The Knight and the Goblet' is good fun. The satire is good in a number of places and it touches the right things. The tone is not very dignified. 'Katrina's First Love' is a pure comedy, well told, a very rare thing in any magazine. We were pleased to note the second of the papers on Jefferson Davis which have appeared in the *William and Mary* magazine. There is a no more maligned man in history than the president of the Confederacy. He was probably one of the most brilliant men in American History and certainly the most versatile. The only trouble with a writer who has lived all his life below the Mason and Dixon line is that he allows his love for his subject to run away with his pen.

The *Smith College Monthly* and The *Wellesley Magazine* seem to have a fad for running child stories, a reaction no doubt from the 'he and she' tales. The intentions of these magazines are so good that the Editor hardly has the heart to say anything in criticism, but as a rule these kindergarten legends are rather milk and water sort of things. 'Billy' in the *Wellesley Magazine* surpasses every other story of this nature we have seen this month. "The 'Place of Silence' is the best story in this number but marred by rapsodies. The Editor is sorry to note a falling off in the brightness of The *Smith Monthly*. It can never be anything else but one of the leading college magazines with its carefully written articles but, it can become less readable. We imagine its former brightness may have brought it some adverse criticism and it is too bad everyone cannot be pleased at the same time.

Book Talk

It has occurred to us that, by way of variety, we might profitably leave off taking of books this month, and in its stead attempt to tell our readers of the purpose of this department, as we conceive it, and of the attitude we try to maintain toward the books that come under our notice.

And, first of all, for the purpose, since that is the least difficult portion of the task we have set ourselves. It is our belief that the Book Talk should endeavor to give our readers an idea of the current books which, in our opinion, are worth a hearing; we are a sort of employment bureau where credentials are passed on for the benefit of our patrons, or a winnowing machine which separates the wheat from the chaff, and putting it in bags, labels it. But such a purpose makes no account of the author or publisher; and certainly they have a claim which cannot be over-looked; nor have we wish to do so. In the manner of critics we try to find wherein the author has sinned, and point out, as strongly as may be, his peccadillos,—though occasionally we are betrayed, in spite of ourselves, into enthusiastic and inarticulated praise,—thus pointing out the path of reformation. From the bookmakers hill of vision, an ideal book department for a college magazine would be one which mirrored truly the opinion an average undergraduate holds of the books discussed; but such an ideal is hardly attainable, however honestly the editor may try for objectivity. Finally, we call attention to the wares of the publishers; and you can fancy the pride with which we once saw ourselves quoted in an advertisement. So much for our excuse for being.

It is difficult to come to an understanding with oneself in the matter of judging books, particularly new books; for whether one will or no, there are many things which influence his estimate. One may bring to the task a tired mind, prone to attribute its own lethargy to the author; or he may be a Southerner who has not yet become reconciled; or an Easterner who is not ready to swallow the patronizing of the West; or a lover of prose who has to dabble in a volume of verse; or perchance, a man with the philosophic bent who may set to reading a bit of modern fiction. These are but a few of the things which may lead an embryonic critic, be he never so sincere, to pre-judge the book that has fallen to his lot, be it never so clever or so really excellent of its kind.

But beyond this there is an even more puzzling difficulty; for if one is trying to give an estimate which will amount to more than mere personal opinion, or represent not simply an appeal to his own feeling, he should have some standard by which to measure the work in question; he needs a norm, as the writers on ethics say. Not that one should be so carried away by the scientific spirit as to wish to dissect a work of art, and after

minutely inspecting its skeleton, pronounce it *Merula Migratoria*; but if he is to judge a novel as a piece of literature, he should have formulated some opinion, however indefinite, of what makes a good novel, or if a short story be his labor, it were well to know the possibilities and limits of that form of expression.

Granted, then, that one ought to approach his task, not off-hand, as it were, but with some degree of forethought we address ourselves to the work of determining the standards.

For obvious reasons, modern novels cannot be tested by such a touchstone as for example, *Vanity Fair*, when they are satiric, nor by *Middlemarch*, if the attitude of the author is psychological; though much might be said in favor of such a standard. Most of them are too short to profit by such a comparison; mere bulk would count against them,—but there are other things, and these we courteously pass by. Now and then, it is true, one finds a book which will stand, and favorably stand, such a comparison. Mr. Zangwill's *Grey Wig* has much of the unexpectedness that charms the reader of the *Reisebilder*. and the severest test will disclose only pure gold in these stories. But such books are not published every month; and unless one is willing to meet with continual disappointment, he must pitch his hymn in a lower key. Not that in any circumstance one should rigidly test a novel by another

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in the manner suggested by Matthew Arnold for poetic criticism ; but he might very well get a well-formed opinion of what a novel should be, by critically studying typical specimens which have stood the test of years. An ideal of this sort, however, will not be serviceable in passing sentence on much of the work that the man who occupies our chair is called upon to read ; he must choose some more mundane standard, or he will find himself a Blue Beard hanging up all the pretty ladies who come tripping to his feast.

One hears it said that modern literature is unique,—rather, we should say, it is uninspired ; and uninspired books have ever trudged by the side of those mighty pedestrians who have come to us after a long and dusty pilgrimage. But the journey was hard and difficult of travel ; and those whose little legs were weak lay down by the wayside and were lost to sight ; only the curious antiquarian tells us of their whitening bones, or how many teeth were left to them when they fell asleep.

If most of the books that we read, then, are uninspired, is it not only fair to judge them by such standards ? We think so, and this is the norm we try to follow in penning our casual notices of them ; we would wish to be fair, both to the book and to our readers, to be sane, to be objective, in part at least, and to give the men who take their opinions from our columns an estimate based on more than a passing fancy. This is our purpose.

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College magazine-making, however, is fraught with trials; there is much to be done, and time gets thin when it has to be widely spread; the printer clamors for proof, but the inflexible lecture hour drags us from our tasks; we key ourselves to the tension of book talk and a man drops in to talk athletics; even now, as we write this, there is present with us a subconscious feeling that we ought to be reading those many books, which we shall be called upon to review pretty thoroughly next week—and they, alas! cannot be treated in the general style. And before we lay our pen aside, let us beg, dear reader, your indulgence; and if we fail of the calm, dispassionate criticism which we would look for in these columns, know that it is not that we do not try to write it, but that the idols of the market-place imperiously beckon.



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